

# SHOOT TO KILL HIS SWEETHEART ROOSEVELT'S FAREWELL ADDRESS

Weather—Fair and Warmer To-Night; Tuesday Cloudy

## NIGHT EDITION

PRICE ONE CENT.

## The

"Circulation Books Open to All."



## World.

"Circulation Books Open to All."

NEW YORK, MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1909.

PRICE ONE CENT.

## ROOSEVELT IN FAREWELL ADDRESS SHARES HIS SUCCESS WITH OTHERS

Credit Has Come to Him as  
Symbolizing the Government,  
Declares the President.

TENNIS CABINET LUNCH.

Singles Out Garfield as Type  
of Man Who Gave Right  
Support in Affairs of State.

WASHINGTON, March 1.—President Roosevelt today gave a farewell luncheon at the White House to the members of the famous "Tennis Cabinet" and others who have been closely associated with him during the past seven years. Aside from the distinguished government officials who have served as among the President's chief aides during his administration, and also as his companions at sports of different kinds, there were present men whom Mr. Roosevelt had made friends when he was roughing it in the West years ago and with whom he had gone on numerous hunting expeditions. The occasion was memorable to those who surrounded the President today and the latter's farewell words were not entirely free from notes of regret if not sadness. The President in a brief speech said:

"Gentlemen: You are here nominally as members, or to meet the members of the 'Tennis Cabinet'—that is, as men with whom at tennis, or hunting, or riding, or walking, or boxing, I have played, with whom I have been on the round-up, or in the mountains, or in the ranch country."

"Because You Are the Men."  
"But, really, as you know, you are not here for that reason at all—you are here because you are the men, and because you represent what I have been President. No administration has ever had more or more loyal service than you have given, and I do not believe this country has ever had an able or more devoted set of public servants."

"It is through you and those like you that I have done the major part of what has been accomplished under this administration. Moreover, in a vast number of cases the doing of the work itself has been your only reward."

"The credit has come to me, to the chief of the administration. For exactly as men like to symbolize a battle by the name of the commander, so they like to symbolize an administration by the man at the head, forgetting that the immense majority of its acts can be done only through others and that a really successful administration, successful from the standpoint of advancing the honor and the interests of the country, must be managed as our has been, in a spirit of the most loyal association and partnership."

Singles Out Garfield.  
"There are many others like you whom I would have given much to bring here today but there simply wasn't room enough, and so I have brought you here partly for your own sakes, but primarily in representing thousands of other workers, as representing all good, faithful, fearless public servants, who strive their best to do what the public need demands, and who, in the last analysis, stand all on the same level when judged by that supreme test which takes into chief account the spirit of the service rendered."

Does It Really Grow Hair?  
Bald Heads Everywhere Proclaim Success of Hair Specialist's Discovery.

BALTIMORE, March 1.—If the word of thousands of people who have obtained a free supply of the wonderful hair treatment which is being distributed by Wm. Chas. Keene, President of the Lorrimer Institute, is any evidence, there is promise that a bald head may soon become a rare sight. Mr. Keene says that all applications for a free supply will be filled by mail prepaid at Lorrimer Institute, Branch 21, Baltimore, Md. The results from the use of this remedy are described as truly wonderful. Advt.

## POLICE DOGS LOSE GRAFT BY SHIFT, GROWL AT CHANGE

Wouldn't Mind the Tenderloin  
District, but the Gowanus  
Section! Wow.

"Wow!" remarked Herod, the senior dog detective of the Parkville precinct, this morning to Mary Garden, the newest recruit of the four-legged force, "and yet again wow! If I were the kind of a dog that they have in a story book I



might go further and remark how-wow! But as I never saw any dog outside of a story book that used that figure of speech, I shall simply content myself with repeating the simple remark, 'Wow!'"

"What's eating you—dear from the outside or indignation from the inside?" inquired Garden. "Why should you go around this bright morning throwing off that loose bark of yours the same as if you were a moulted hickory nut tree?"

"Matter enough," said Herod. "Didn't you see the bulletin from the Commish that's just been posted up inside the station-house? He says that, thanks to our vigilance, the number of burglaries in this section have been cut down from five a night to one a year and that in

consequence of this improved condition of things he's going to transfer us to other sections of the Greater City where robberies still continue. Ain't that a lovely reward for faithful services?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mary Garden. "We might like the change of surroundings and the associations. I only hope they give me a Broadway post to patrol."

"Forget it," said Herod. "You'll win a patrol in some choice residential center bordering on Gowanus Canal or extending along Newtown Creek in the general direction of Greenpoint, take it for me. A police dog wouldn't last a holy minute on Broadway—not with a muzzle, like we have to wear. One of that Forty-second street gang would steal your license tag for a bangle on his lady friend's bracelet. There's a lot of people along the Great White Way going to the dogs, but no self-respecting dog wants to go to them."

"But what makes me so sore is being chased out of the precinct just when I've got a good side line of graft all worked up. Why, I was good for four T-bones every morning of my life one block just below here, and there was a hired girl servant at that big, yellow boarding-house who'd saved me every turkey carcass this winter. Now I'll have to start in all over again in some new precinct. It's bad lines, I tell you those."

## PATRICK HALTS LIBERTY FIGHT IN FEAR OF CHAIR

Delays Argument When Told  
Success of Plea Might  
Mean Death.

BACK TO SING SING.

If Commutation Was Illegal  
Original Sentence Holds—  
Case Up Again Friday.

Albert T. Patrick, under life sentence for the murder of William Marsh Rice, came to New York from Sing Sing today, occupied the attention of the Appellate Division of the Kings County Supreme Court, Justice Jenks presiding, for about an hour, and will sleep in his prison cell again tonight. At his own request argument was postponed upon his motion to secure his release from prison on the ground that Gov. Huger, in commuting his death sentence to one of life imprisonment, exceeded his constitutional powers.

Patrick, after a motion offered by Assistant District Attorney Taylor, of Mr. Jerome's staff, to dismiss the writ of habeas corpus, upon which the matter reached the Appellate Division, had been overruled, decided that he was not sufficiently up on the legal aspects of his contention to argue it personally. As it is his desire to make a personal appeal to the court, he asked for an adjournment until next Monday or Tuesday.

Justice Jenks announced that inasmuch as the complexity of the court will change next week because of shift of judges, he would put the case on the calendar for argument next Friday afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Wanted to Stay Here.  
Patrick asked that he be committed to the care of the Sheriff of Kings County or the Sheriff of New York County until that time in order that he might be in position to consult with counsel and have access to necessary books and records.

This request was not granted. Justice Jenks said, however, that he would ask Warden Jesse root, of Sing Sing, to grant the prisoner every facility for preparing his case. Patrick was given until 4.45 o'clock to talk with his counsel.

The conference was held in the private office of the clerk of the court. Mrs. Patrick was in attendance advising her husband. Assistant District Attorney Taylor said he believed Patrick would not press his proceeding to have the commutation of his sentence set aside.

May Mean the Chair.  
"But he did not consider the contingency that the Court might hold with him that the commutation was not justified and at the same time reinstate the original sentence of death. While Patrick is positive in stating he would rather die in the chair than spend the

(Continued on Second Page.)

## SHOWS APPENDIX IN COURT TO SAVE HIS CHAUFFEUR

Employer Says He Really  
Couldn't Have Gone as  
Fast as Charged.

WOULD RIP STITCHES.

But the Vermiform Argument,  
in a Bottle, Fails to  
Convince.

A vermiform appendix, perfectly preserved in a small ribbon-knotted bottle and said to be of recent extraction, isn't necessarily a sound argument why a chauffeur simply couldn't break the speed laws when its owner was a passenger in the flying car.

The vermiform argument was submitted by Walter H. Graef, who lives at the Hotel Plaza, in behalf of his driver, Anthony C. Hauser, who was arrested by Patrolman McDonough in Harlem yesterday and charged with racing at 22 1/2 miles an hour. Hauser was held in \$300 for trial, notwithstanding his employer's novel support.

"Why, Your Honor, I'm surprised," said Mr. Graef when Hauser was held as tears seemed to crystallize under his eyes. "Here's ready proof that he really couldn't have gone at that horrible rate as this—this—police man says." Digging into his coat pocket, Mr. Graef drew forth the alcoholic section of his anatomy. There was a stir in court, and the Harlequin reporters giggled as Magistrate Herman whirled to talk to his clerk.

A Splendid Specimen.  
"I say, Your Honor, see it—see how well it looks! It's a splendid type—healthy, the doctor says, but better out of a man's system than in. Aren't you glad to see it?"

"No," thundered the Magistrate. "Strange, most surprising—every one speaks so well of it! You know it's—"

"Next case!" shouted the Magistrate, turning his head. "Thought you would be glad to see it—perfectly harmless—and—er—er—you've got one, too, Your Honor, unless you—"

"I am shocked that my chauffeur should be thus humiliated! Had he been running at that rate my stitches—your see, I'm wearing a corset still—"

"Nothing worries me—I don't want to see it—next case," I said. I went one asleep in this Court? That'll do, sir, put your vermiform appendix back in your pocket, I mean. Clear out, the sight of it worries me."

Worried Him, Too.  
"It—it worried me, too, Judge, when Dr. Erdman cut!"

There was what might be termed bellying from the judicial bench and a hurry and scurry of bluecoats and a new stage setting quickly done as Mr. Graef gently, even fondly, tucked his little vial in his vest pocket and went out.

What's charge?" yelled the Magistrate when Frederick Pope, a pale-faced young man, who lives at the Harvard Club, was arraigned.

"Speeding 22 miles against!"

"What are you fellows up to this year?" continued His Honor, thoroughly aroused. "The first spring day, and a dozen of you try to lower all 1908 city records, eh? Well, don't get caught. What have you got to say?"

"My sparker is on the bum, Your Honor," he murmured, feebly. "When I go slowly it breaks down and I have to run along sort of easy, you know. Anyhow, I wasn't going at that rate."

## Prima Donna and "Gasp" Gown She Says She Alone Can Wear



Mary Garden. PHOTO COURTESY OF MARY GARDEN.

## MARY GARDEN: 'CAN WEAR GASP GOWN, OTHERS CANNOT

Prima Donna Can't Under-  
stand Why Women's League  
Was Amazed.

Mary Garden, according to those who were present last night at the sixteen anniversary of the Professional Women's League, wore a gown which was described by women as a "gasp," cut nearly to the girdle, when viewed from the back.

By Ethel Lloyd Patterson.  
"My father called me up on the telephone the first thing this morning to ask me what in the world I had worn at the Professional Women's League last night," exclaimed Miss Mary Garden to me today, with a helpless shrug of her famous shoulders. "But, from the papers this morning," she added, "the discussion seems to concern what I did not wear. It just shows you that it does not pay to be kind to people." Miss Garden wound up, bitterly.

Her last exclamation was confusing. At first it seemed to mean that Mary Garden's idea of philanthropy is to place on view as many square inches of her flawless loveliness as she—and the law—deem worthy. That was not, however, what she did mean.

"I was horribly busy and rushed last night," complained the prima donna, throwing herself back upon the pillows of her blue and gold bed. "Really, I just made the time to go to the Professional Women's League at the Astor. Everybody told me it would be a kindness—gracious of me. I was going to an affair after leaving the Astor, so, of course, I had to wear an evening gown. And now, to think, after I put myself out to go, all they can find to talk about is my gown!"

Even Got Color Wrong.  
"You see, they say here that it was blue. It wasn't. It was white and gold. And the things they say of it are as true as the color they say it was."

The subject of the discussion was sent for and was brought, tinkling and rustling, in the arms of Miss Garden's maid.

It is a simple enough gown, of white net over white chiffon. In turn over a drop of soft white silk. Gold-beaded flowers embroider the corsage and trail in graceful unconventionality down the length of the skirt. Straps of chiffon and gold-embroidered flowers over the shoulders hold the bodice in place. In truth, the costume is very similar to one worn by Miss Shonts in a box at a recent performance of "Carmen."

The lines of the two gowns are similar, the difference being that Miss Shonts's was a symphony in white and silver.

"I wear a scarf of tulle about my shoulders with this," explained Miss Garden. "But you can see for yourself that the gown is not out startlingly low. I am, in any case, of a build that permits a somewhat deeper décolletage than most women."

Five New Turkish Baths  
Now open at the New Pulitzer Building. Only first-class downtown establishment. Modern in every detail. Electric and Turkish baths at all hours; also barber shop open day and night.

The World's Travel Bureau.  
Second Arcade Room, New Pulitzer Building. Full of information. Tickets, Drafts, Express, Parcel and Bag Checking. A new table convenience in the path of travel.

## YOUTH FIRES THREE SHOTS AT GIRL WHO REFUSED TO WED HIM

Margaret Hayes on Her Knees Began  
for Mercy as Bullets from  
William Petro's Gun Fly  
Around Her.

## PLANNED TO KILL SELF AS WELL AS SWEETHEART

"Forgot Me and Learned to Love Another While  
I Was Away," He Says When Caught  
in Pawnshop Where He Pawned  
Revolver.

The neighborhood about Columbus avenue and One Hundredth street was thrown into a turmoil of excitement this afternoon by the effort of William Petro, a love-crazed boy, to kill his sweetheart, Margaret Hayes, of No. 38 West One Hundredth street, in the hall of her home.

Margaret Hayes has been living there with friends for several months. At parties in the neighborhood and at dances in the halls along Broadway she had met Petro. She liked him at first, but the violence with which he returned her liking scared her and she told her friends that she didn't want to have anything to do with him.

Petro persuaded himself that he needed to make a fortune before he could win the girl. He is nineteen years old. Three months ago he went to Boston to seek the fortune. He came back late last week with a whole fifty dollars. He tried to see Margaret Hayes, but she avoided him. Petro bought a revolver.

This afternoon he called again. Margaret came to the door of her flat. He asked her to come out into the hall and speak privately with him. When he got her under the hall light he asked her to say once for all whether she would marry him. The girl, terrorized by the way he glared at her, said: "No."

All Shots Missed.  
Petro snatched a revolver from the side pocket of his coat and after waving it at the girl's head began to pull the trigger. He fired three shots. All of them missed, though one tore through Margaret's dress at the top of her shoulder. The girl screamed at the top of her voice and crawled along the floor begging for mercy.

The boy, flourishing the revolver, ran down the stairs, pushing aside the frightened tenants who had run into the hall to find out what the trouble was. He ran into the street and fifteen or twenty hatless men and women poured out after him. Petro turned west and got to Columbus avenue ahead of the fleetest of his pursuers. He had put his revolver back into his pocket, but that didn't reassure them especially.

Turning the corner of Columbus avenue, Petro ran into a pawnshop and they lost him. When the hunt surged up and down the street and the crowd was growing constantly, Petro tried to keep up appearances by pawing the revolver with which he had shot at his sweetheart.

Planned to Kill Self.  
Detective Ferguson, of the West One Hundredth street station, looked in at the door just as the pawnbroker was about to put the revolver on the shelf. He arrested Petro, who was arraigned in the West Side Court this afternoon.

"If I had killed her," said Petro, "I would have killed myself, too. While I was gone, working at my trade as a shoemaker, she forgot me and learned to love another."

He Defends St. John's.  
"On one side," Mr. Beckett began, "we have the corporation, the board of directors, the electors chosen by the congregation of St. John's—men who have been attendants at St. John's for the spiritual benefit by its pastoral work. On the other hand we have the vestrymen, wardens and rector of Trinity."

This is our first chance to present our side. The issues involved are these: What are the rights of corporation of Trinity's vestry? They say that Trinity Corporation is not subject to the religious corporation act. We claim that this is an issue which must be determined.

CHINESE BOY MISSING.  
Charles Toy, a Chinaman who keeps a laundry at No. 187 Third avenue and lives with an American wife on the top floor of the same building, reported to the police today that his thirteen-year-old son Joseph had been missing since Jan. 4.

Apple sauce, high. Cranberries abundant, cheaper, wholesome, delicious. First-class.